

His Saving Grace

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Summary: Eight years ago, Gajeel's mom was killed and he feels responsible for her death. His depression is worse than ever and he's ready to end it all. He gave himself a month to find something worth living for. What happens when he meets Levy McGarden on the first day of school? What are her secrets? Will she help Gajeel or hinder him on his quest for answers?

His Saving Grace

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><p>Day in and day out he put up the same facade. He smiled when he didn't want to. He forced himself to laugh when a friend told a joke. He had a horrible time sleeping. He felt hopeless and lost. He got no pleasure from the things that used to be interested in. He was always angry and irritable. He couldn't take the guilt anymore.</p>

He sat on the edge of the bed with his head in his hands looking at the floor. The pain. He couldn't take the pain or the guilt anymore. He killed her and he never had the chance to say sorry. The shiny pistol she gave to his father many years ago sat on his dresser. It sat there and mocked him. He hadn't yet built up the courage to go through with it. He kept telling himself that ending his life would be best for everyone.

He grabbed the pistol from the dresser and turned it in his hands as he sat back down. He could do this. He could do this. He could do this. He marveled at the intricate design on the gun. His eyes wandered to the engraving on the barrel of the gun.

"To Metalicana, may our love soar like the dragons in the sky. Love,

Verona."

Her words kept staring at him. It would be like she killed him herself. It was only fair. He killed her and now this was her revenge.

Gajeel inserted the tip of the pistol into his mouth. The metal tasted sweeter than anything he had tasted before. Tears began to stream from his glistening ruby eyes. Could he actually put his father in this sort of pain again? Was he being selfish? No, this had to be done. This gun would fulfill what all the razors that formed the scars on his arms couldn't.

Before he could cock the pistol, a small knock at his door interrupted his thoughts.

"Big brother, it's Wendy. Papa wanted me to get you for supper. It's your favorite, barbecued ribs with curly fries and corn on the cob." The young voice on the other side of the door squeaked

"I'll be there in a minute squirt." Gajeel barked, trying to keep the pain out of his voice

"Ok, I'll wait for you." Wendy added

"Nah, you go ahead. Don't want ya to get yelled at cuz I was being slow." He stated as he put the gun back in its case and into his dresser

"Ok. See you in a little bit big brother." She responded before going back downstairs

Gajeel took a few more moments to collect his thoughts before he turned the knob of his bedroom door and descended down the stairs. In the end he couldn't do it. Not with his little sister here.

"I'm such a fucking coward." Gajeel mumbled under his breath before he entered the dining room

"About God damned time you got your ass down here." Metalicana quipped

"Sorry. I was asleep." Gajeel yawned

"Dear don't harass the boy. He's a growing child and he needs all the sleep he can get. Especially since school starts tomorrow."

Grandeenny, his stepmother and Wendy's mother, chided her husband

Metalicana and Grandeenny met 5 years ago and got married 3 years ago. Gajeel still hadn't forgiven his father for forsaking his relationship with his mother. She had only passed away 3 years before Metalicana and Grandeenny had met. It was like she was but a distant memory to his father. Despite his feeling about his father's marriage, he still respected Grandeenny and showed it when he had one of his better days.

"I guess that is tomorrow. Fuck." Gajeel cursed

"Just because you are going to be 18 in a few months doesn't mean you

get to curse. Especially in front of your little sister. And you better make sure no one touches her or I'll kick your ass boy." Metalicana retorted

"Tch, whatever." Gajeel grumbled as he chomped into a rib

After that little spat, the Redfox family delved into their feast. Gajeel as usual put on his happy face and went through the motions of the family's nightly dinner. Him and Metalicana would banter back and forth while Wendy and Grandeeney would just sit there and smile at their boys. The family started discussing tomorrow and what it would entail.

Metalicana made Gajeel swear that he would keep an eye on Wendy. After all, it was going to be her very first day of high school and she was beyond nervous. Gajeel was going to be a senior. He had to look out for his baby sister and despite all his problems he would gladly kick anyone's ass if they harmed his Wendy. He didn't deserve such a kind and caring stepsister. He was a monster that killed his own mother after all.

After dinner, Gajeel went straight back to his room. He'd probably get yelled at in the morning for not helping clean up, but right now he didn't care. He couldn't take his life. Not yet anyways. Not while his family was at home. He didn't want Wendy to hear the sound of him ending his pathetic existence.

The drawer that held the pistol kept mocking him as he sat silently in his room. Eventually he decided to put it back in his father's office. Gajeel quietly snuck out of his room and headed towards Metalicana's office.

Gajeel peered into the room and found it empty. He found the keys in the middle drawer of the desk and then went to the safe located on the wall. Gajeel unlocked the safe and put the gun and its case right back where he left it before shutting the door and locking it back up.

When Gajeel turned around to head out the door, he was met with the fierce blood red eyes of his father. To say that Metalicana was pissed was an understatement. It was in that moment that Gajeel knew he fucked up.

"You couldn't do it, could you?" Metalicana asked with a hint of anger

"No, but it needs to be done and soon. I don't deserve to live." Gajeel sighed as he leaned against the wall

"How many times do I have to tell you it isn't your fault? Your mother wouldn't want it to end like this." Metalicana sorrowfully explained

"But it is and nothing will ever be able to take away the pain." Gajeel grumbled as he tried to suppress the tears that were forming in his eyes

Gajeel never let his feelings out. Even in front of one of the very few people he trusted in this world, his father. This time though, he couldn't contain himself as he fell to his hands and knees. The tears

flowed from his eyes for several minutes until he finally collected himself and stood back up. Metalicana walked over and wrapped his arms around his only son.

"You will find something someday. Please don't give up my son. I know I don't say it enough, but I love you Gajeel and you are the only piece of your mother I've got left." Metalicana whispered in his son's ear

"Thanks pops. I really hope it does. Don't know how much more of this shit I can take." Gajeel mumbled before walking back to his room

When he got back to his room, Gajeel found a new bottle of medication on his desk. He hated taking the shit, but he did it to keep his old man off his back. After he took his meds, Gajeel laid down on his bed and stared at the ceiling. He decided he would give it another month. If he felt like he hadn't found the one thing that would keep him rooted to this earth by then, he would end it all.

It was almost 10pm when Gajeel decided he would take a shower. It had been a few days since he had taken a shower and he couldn't very well go to school in the morning smelling like a day old onion left out in the sun to rot.

He set the water as high as high as it could go before he disrobed. He took a look in the medicine cabinet to find some loose razor blades. Wendy shouldn't have left them out, especially since she knew of her stepbrother's hurtful condition, but he needed some form of release today and jacking off for an hour in the shower wasn't an option. Gajeel decided he would take the pain over the pleasure. Not like he had any "inspiration" to pleasure himself to anyways.

Gajeel took the small blade and made a precise slice across the middle of his left forearm beneath the scars that had already formed. A hiss escaped his mouth as he felt the blade cut into his skin. He wrapped his right hand around the wound before the blood could trickle down his arm and make a mess. He was a pro at this by now.

When he entered the shower, Gajeel removed his hand from his arm and let the blood flow down his arm as the water washed it away. He looked to his latest wound and felt relief, regret and grief. He was a mess and he knew it.

The harsh sting of the burning water brought him back and he began to wash himself. Gajeel didn't take long to rinse, soap and clean his body. He watched the suds wash away his sins and prayed to God that he wouldn't feel the need to do it again anytime soon.

After turning the water off, he grabbed a black towel to dry off his body. At least the black towels could hide what small traces of blood that was left.

He stepped out of the tub with the towel around his waist and walked to the sink to make the evidence of his deeds disappear. Gajeel looked at himself in the mirror with disdain.

"Fucking pathetic piece of shit." He growled at the person looking back at him

After blow drying his obsidian mane, he returned to his room with the towel still around his waist and razor blade in his hand. He shoved the bloody razor into his desk before he found some gauze and wrapped his wound. Gajeel didn't even bother digging any clothes out before heading to bed.

PantherLily, his cat, must have followed him into his room because he soon curled up to the nude man on the bed. Even with his pal by his side, Gajeel knew this was going to be another long night of tossing and turning. Gajeel got up and remembered that he hadn't taken his sleeping pill. Once he was settled back in with Lily by his side, Gajeel fell asleep, but the nightmares of that horrible day came and he didn't get much sleep.

At promptly 6 in the morning his alarm went off. Gajeel groggily sat up from his bed and shook off the sleep from his body. Well, what little sleep he did get because of the nightmares. He sat on the edge as Lily swatted at his back.

"What do ya want cat?" Gajeel growled

Lily hissed at the newly applied bandage on Gajeel's left arm.

"Yeah, yeah, yeah. I know I'm a fucking idiot." Gajeel sighed as he got up to go to his dresser

He took a pair of black, tight fitting boxers out from his underwear drawer before he sauntered over to his oversized walk-in closet.

"What to wear?" Gajeel sighed as he stood in the middle of his closet

Finally after 20 minutes of deliberation, Gajeel picked out a pair dark blue jeans, a tight fitted red American Eagle t-shirt, red sneakers and red and white bandana to push back his wild mane. After getting dressed Gajeel headed downstairs to get some breakfast. Before he headed into the dining room he grabbed his favorite black jacket and put it on. He couldn't let them see what he had done to himself last night. Especially Wendy. She looked up to her big brother even with knowing about his problems.

"Good morning big brother! Did you sleep well?" Wendy asked as she hugged Gajeel's waist

"Nah. It's those damn nightmares again. Let's get some breakfast. We need to get to the school early to get our schedules. It's gonna get busy real quick." Gajeel smirked

Gajeel and Wendy quickly ate their cinnamon pancakes made by Grandeeney. They said their goodbyes and were out the door by 7:05. Gajeel and Wendy got into Gajeel's Dodge Ram and headed towards Magnolia High School and got there by 7:15.

Once inside they made their way to a bunch of tables where the Student Council was handing out the schedules. Gajeel headed to the section that read "Q-T" to pick his schedule that was headed up by a girl with long silver hair.

"Hello Gajeel. How was your summer?" The girl asked sweetly
"Sucked. God damn old man made me work outside all summer." Gajeel huffed

"Be nice to Mira Gajeel!" Wendy snapped
"Tch, whatever." Gajeel scoffed as he took his schedule

Gajeel's Schedule: 1st hour Algebra II, 2nd hour Chemistry, 3rd hour Government, 4th hour Weightlifting, 5th hour English 12, 6th hour Drawing 4, 7th hour Lifetime Fitness.

"Looks like you have a pretty easy schedule brother." Wendy smiled

"I'll be fine I guess. Lets get yers." Gajeel said as they turned to go to the "M-P" line to get Wendy's schedule

Wendy decided to keep her last name after Grandeeney and Metalicana got married. Metalicana gave Wendy the option of keeping her last name Marvell or changing it to Redfox when he adopted her after the marriage. She decided to keep her last name in remembrance of her father who died in a house fire when Wendy was 3.

Finally they made it to the front of the line where Student Council President Erza Scarlet was passing out this groups schedules.

"Wendy, Gajeel. It's great to see you." The red head smiled

"Just give her, her schedule Titania. I wanna show her around." Gajeel barked

"Someone woke up on the wrong side of the bed this morning." Erza grinned as she handed Wendy her schedule

"Tch." He muttered under his breath

Wendy's schedule: 1st hour English 9, 2nd hour Freshman P.E., 3rd hour Geography, 4th hour A.P. Physical Science, 5th hour All Girls Choir, 6th hour Agricultural Science, 7th hour Drama

"Now who's got an easy schedule? Gihi" Gajeel chuckled

Gajeel went to turn around to give Wendy a tour of the school when he bumped into someone. His left arm began to throb and he could tell that the wound had reopend. Fuck. Just what he needed. He looked down to see a short blue haired girl in an orange t-shirt, black shorts and an orange headband. She also wore an orange jacket.

"Watch where yer goin' Shrimp!" He shouted

"You are the one that bumped into me you big oaf!" The girl retorted

"Gajeel! Help her up you doof!" Wendy yelled

Gajeel gave a huff before he held out his hand for the girl to take

his hand. Once she stood up Gajeel got to take a full view of her. Her hair was blue. Not as dark as Wendy's or even Juvia's, but like the color of the sky on a cloudless day. A black bandana pushed most of her hair back, but she let two strips frame her heart shaped face. Her eyes were the most beautiful hazel color he had ever seen. She didn't have much of a chest, but her hips were incredibly curvy showing that she wasn't as young as Wendy. When she puffed out her cheeks and put her hands roughly on her hips, Gajeel thought it was the cutest thing he had ever seen. She was fucking perfect.

"Well are you going to apologize to me or are you just going to gawk at me all day long?" The girl huffed

"Uh, yeah sorry Shrimp." He replied as he blinked

"I have a name you know." She hissed, now crossing her arms

"Gihi. Yeah, but I don't know yer name and yer still a Shrimp." Gajeel chuckled

"My name is Levy for your information. Now, move so I can get my schedule." The petite blunette now known as Levy scowled as she stormed off to get her schedule from Erza

I think I just found my reason to live or at least less miserable. Not like I deserve it anyways Gajeel thought

This next month was going to be a long one. Hopefully this new girl could give him a reason to live. Could she make that much of an impact on him in a month or was it Gajeel's destiny to die at 17? Maybe, maybe not.

* * *

><p>Did it give you the feels? I am writing this story because I myself have been through depression. I've been suicidal. I've cut myself. Heck I've even overdosed, but I'm still here and I am so glad that I am. Some days are better than others, but I just keep putting one foot in front of the other and try my hardest to push through. I hope this lives up to your expectations because this is the first time I've ever written about something like this. Please leave reviews. They mean a lot to me. This will probably only be updated every other week because I just wrote this on my tablet yesterday morning and I don't have anything else planned right now. Please be nice to me. Love you lots.</p>

End
file.